

Fresh Air

Young Catterburt groaned. Then he shuddered as he regarded the frost on the windows. For he was about to plunge out into the biting cold.

It is usually a girl who rouses a young man to deeds heroic or foolish and it was a particularly pretty, fluffy girl named Ethel who was responsible for young Catterburt's risking his peace of mind, to say nothing of his life, out among the pneumonia germs in the freezing air.

If Ethel had been the sort of girl who is content to make magazine cover pictures of herself before a blazing log fire, or if she had loved to preside over steamy chafing dishes young Catterburt would have been extremely happy in her company. But Ethel had a mania for outdoor exercise. Apparently she never remained in the house if she could create an excuse to get out, and young Catterburt, being her constant shadow, had to go along. He didn't dare not to go, for fear some of his rivals would spring in and usurp his place.

This winter Ethel had led him a merry pace. He had not dreamed when he became acquainted with her in the summer that she was going to turn out to be that kind, for she had seemed particularly fragile and clinging. The things she could not invent now to do out of doors could have been recited in half a minute. Sunday afternoons when young Catterburt would drop in for a comfortable call Ethel would greet him with energy. "I'm so glad you've come," she would say. "Isn't it the most perfect day for a walk! I'm simply dying to get out. Don't take off your coat, for I'll have my things on in a jiffy!"

Then she would make young Catterburt tramp nine or eleven miles with a thousand stinging needles of cold jabbing into his agonized countenance and his feet growing so numb that he knew he would have to excuse himself the instant he got back to her door and say, "Beg pardon—I'll be back just as soon as I get my toes amputated." She would lead him to the arctic shores of the lake and ask him if it didn't look lovely, while gallons of icy breeze sneaked down his collar.

If he asked her to go to the theater she would beg him to take her skating instead. Skating as an amusement appealed to young Catterburt as a very special kind of progressive insanity.

This particular evening another skating expedition was on the carpet. Young Catterburt's face was so cold when he reached Ethel's that he couldn't talk. He didn't want to talk, anyhow, for he was feeling considerably abused and harried by fate. Ethel, so bundled in furs that she looked like an Eskimo, was full of gay chatter. It added to his resentment.

Finally even she bent her head to the bitter night wind and plodded on in silence, which was broken only by the clang of their swarming skates.

Suddenly Ethel halted. She got around back of young Catterburt, much as though he were an inanimate windbreak, and made queer little noises. They sounded like frozen soba.

"What's the matter?" Catterburt got out. He couldn't force his numb lips open far enough really to talk.

"O-o-oh!" Ethel wopt. "It's simply horrid of you! It's all your fault! It's no way to treat a girl! It's brutal—making me go outdoors in w-w-weather like th-th-this!"

"I—make you!" Catterburt stammered, faghat. "You were d-d-dying to go!"

"I'll prob-probly die, all right," Ethel told him indignantly. "but it's your fault! You said once you l-l-liked athletic, outdoor girls—and I've been one all winter, and I hate it, and I simply won't any more, and I don't care if I never s-s-see you again! O-o-oh! My eye-lashes are all (r-r-frozen togeth-gether!"

"Ethel," young Catterburt chattered wildly. "I f-f-feel now that I can love you madly. After we get somewhere and drink about two quarts of hot coffee apiece I'm g-g-going to t-t-tell you ab-b-bout it!"—Chicago Daily News.

One on the Tenor.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, told the following story on himself at a dinner of the Irish society in New York recently:

"My wife and I had been entertained at dinner by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul," said Mr. McCormack. "After the dinner my wife and I both sang for the prelate, and when Mrs. McCormack had finished the archbishop turned to me and said: 'You should be very proud of such a talented wife.' 'Indeed I am,' I replied with enthusiasm.

"This is the first time he ever made such a confession," said my wife, looking at the archbishop with a twinkle in her eye.

"He couldn't make a confession in a better place," remarked one of the guests, indicating the archbishop.

"True," smiled the prelate, "but I cannot forgive him, because he isn't sorry for it."

Muslim Faith Growing.

The proportion of Mohammedans to the aggregate population of India has steadily risen since 1881. It is estimated that the number of Muslims under British authority in the Indian empire is now 68,000,000 as compared with 50,000,000 30 years ago.

Getting Matters Adjusted

"Aren't you a trifle late?" asked the girl when she met the young man at the door.

"I believe I am a little," replied the young man. "A wagon load of coal was wrecked on the track and that delayed my car for a few minutes. But I'll go home a few minutes earlier to-night to make up for it. Is that a new gown—and that rose in your hair? You're certainly a dream! I have got to have another kiss. Whom do I hear in the parlor?"

"That's Mr. and Mrs. Cawsworthy and a niece of theirs and old Mrs. Dwine. I want you to meet them. Come in."

"Hold on a minute!"

"What's the matter?"

"It was a week ago tonight that I proposed to you and was accepted, wasn't it?"

"Yes, silly. Why?"

"And the next evening you had a family reunion when I called."

"Yes. Of course, I wanted you to meet all my relatives."

"Of course. And the next night when I called I found a bunch of your old school friends holding down the furniture. And I had to go home with a girl who lived out, as it seemed, a little way beyond the place where the sun sets."

"Well, I wanted you to meet my old friends. I don't see—"

"And the next night the minister of your church was here with his family. I explained to him in the course of the evening that I do not drink and do not gamble and that smoking is not really a habit with me, because I can quit any time I feel inclined."

"Well, of course, you understand, he, being a minister—"

"The following night I found some old friends of your mother's in the parlor and—"

"I don't see why you take that tone. I guess—"

"Wait. The next night it was the members of a club you used to belong to when—"

"Well, they were all nice young people."

"And last night it was Mr. and Mrs. Caraway and their son, who thinks he is a natural born comedian. And to-night it is Mr. and Mrs. Cawsworthy and a niece and old Mrs. Dwine."

"I think you are perfectly horrid tonight! What do—"

"I just wanted to ask you if I might bring father over to see you tomorrow night?"

"Of course you may! I just know I shall love him."

"And may I bring mother over the next night?"

"Why, certainly you may. The idea! I hope—"

"And my little brother the next night?"

"Of course, but—"

"And the members of our glee club the next night?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so. But what they've got to do with—"

"And a few old friends of our family the next night?"

"Certainly."

"And the nurse, who used to take care of me when I was a baby, the next night?"

"I shall not be at home that night, Mr. Tompman."

"How about the next night?"

"Not that night, either."

"Then suppose we give a grand ball somewhere and invite all our acquaintances to look at me and all my acquaintances to look at you—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind. If you feel like that about meeting my friends I—perhaps we—you have made a mistake. I—you—are you coming into the parlor or not?"

"No."

"Very well, I—"

"I don't think I have time. I have got tickets to the theater. And I have got to coax a girl to go with me, and I am afraid I shall be late if I don't hurry."

"You should have telephoned to your friend this afternoon."

"I tried to, but the telephone was busy."

"Well, I will excuse you. I hope you will have a pleasant time."

"She is a little girl about your height and she has on a stunning gown and there is a rose in her hair. Oh, go in and make our excuses and come on. Be a good fellow! I haven't had an evening with you since we were engaged, you know I haven't."

"You silly! Of course I'll go. But you've got to go in and entertain them while I get ready."

"How'll I entertain them?"

"Just put a rug over you and growl like a bear; that's the way you've been entertaining me."

"No, but honest—"

"Why, if any callers ever happen to drop in here on your nights after this I shall give them slices of bread and butter and tell them to run home to their mothers. Stop! They'll hear you and you're spelling my rose!"

To Find Source of River.

One of the world's unsolved geographical problems concerns the sources of the Brahmaputra river, in Tibet. In a recent attempt to explore this region two European travelers were killed by the natives. A punitive expedition has been organized by the British government, and it is expected that the scientists who are to accompany it will at last solve the puzzle.

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